

## A CLUB OF DRUG FIENDS.

All Members of the Hypo Club Are Confirmed Slaves of Deadly Narcotics.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The brush of a painter of the vividly realistic school would find first-class material for a picture of horror were he able to be in attendance at a gathering of the "Hypo Club," of Chicago.

No charter or license has ever been issued to the club, no clubhouse is owned or rented by the organization, no initiation fee or dues are charged the members. The appearance of a squad of police often causes the club to make a sudden change in its quarters.

All that is needful for any one to become a member in good standing is to be a slave of some drug and be so addicted to its use as to have lost all respect and all regard for honor, friends, family, and for everything that is decent.

A short time ago the writer was asked by a friend if he had ever seen the "Hypo Club." At first he did not understand the term, and on inquiring found it consisted of a number of unfortunate addicts to the use of cocaine, morphine, opium and other drugs, who were in extreme poverty, but still managed to procure the stuff that had been their ruin, and went to the same place to use it.

At this time they gathered in an old frame back building on Plymouth place, about half a block south of Van Buren street. A fire had destroyed the front of the place and the ground was used to store a number of wagons when not in use. Over these the writer with a couple of friends clambered one Sunday afternoon to pay a visit to the club. The old frame building, two stories high, presented a desolate appearance.

The outside was charred and black from the flames that had destroyed the balance of the structure, while gaping apertures, devoid of glass or sash, showed where once the windows had been. A glance into the lower floor showed it to be untenanted by any one. The sound of voices from above showed occupants to be on the upper floor. The visitors started up the ladder-like stairway and as their heads appeared in the room above they were greeted by cries of "Cons, cons; they're at us again," and a great shuffling of feet as a break was made for the holes that had once been windows. A few words sufficed to reassure them, and gave the newcomers a chance to glance around.

The room was almost a duplicate of the one below—dirt on all sides, floor full of holes and roof the same. The only sign of furniture was some planks nailed to the walls and a few boxes lying around to be used for seats.

The occupants of the room were the real sight. Nearly fifty men and women were gathered there. As they regarded courage and gathered around the newcomers, the bared arms of many and the glittering little instruments held by nearly all showed how the name Hypo Club had originated. Their minds were soon made easy, and then they went ahead as though visitors were not present.

There were men and women, young and old, some busy mixing the drug they were about to use, others in the act of taking a hypodermic injection in a bared arm or leg, and some inserting the needle in their breasts or hips. Others, having taken their dose, were sitting or lying around waiting for the drug to show its first effects.

Women were as unconcerned using the stuff as though each one had been in perfect privacy. As the drug took effect the different dispositions of the users appeared. Some became dull and stupid and only wanted to be allowed to drop off into a heavy slumber from which they might not awaken for hours. Others would almost instantly become gay and talkative, showing every sign of being influenced by some powerful stimulant.

It was noticeable that almost all these unfortunate showed by their faces and the language they used that the days were not long gone when they had been used to better surroundings.

Many had barely rags enough to cover their scant forms. Dirt and grime on their faces could not hide the lines caused by hunger and want. It was hard to persuade any of them to talk regarding their past lives.

One of the men, after some persuasion, told how he had fallen. He was not thirty years of age, and was a member of a wealthy family, living in Boston. He attended Harvard College and graduated with high honors. In order to be successful in college he had started to use small doses of morphine and cocaine to stimulate him when he felt in danger of giving way from the strain of hard study, and always thought he could cease at any time. It was not until after he left college, married and was beginning to be known as one of the most promising young lawyers in New England that he found he liked drugs too well, and tried to stop their use.

It was too late. Effort after effort was made, and all sorts of cures were tried, but nothing was successful. Each time he relapsed it was only to be worse than before. Then his trouble became known to every one. Friends and acquaintances dropped him, and at last his wife had to ask for a legal separation and, with the little child she had borne him, returned, a broken-hearted woman, to her parents.

On one of the benches in the room lay a woman sleeping off a recent morphine "jag." Despite the dissipation and hardships she had undergone, there were traces of former beauty to be seen in her face and her figure had not yet lost all of the rounded outlines that had not so very long ago caused her to be noted as one of the handsomest and most popular chorus girls seen in a New York or Chicago theatre. Admires, wine and late hours. Then drugs used to overcome the results of dissipation. That was her story. She had passed through every stage a woman could go through, falling lower and lower with every step, until at that time there was not one among the many low resorts in Chicago that would allow her to enter its doors. The gutter was her only home when out of the station house, and her only solace the glittering needle of the hypodermic syringe.

## Anna Held Tells Why She Rides Astride.

I RIDE astride because it is the most healthful and the most comfortable fashion. I can ride a long time that way without feeling the slightest fatigue, whereas if I rode with the ordinary side saddle which women use I would be completely tired out. I can see no reason why it is any more improper to ride astride a horse than it is to ride astride a bicycle. I am positive that a woman derives much more benefit from riding in the same fashion as a man than she would if she adopted the idea which has for so long ruled her sex. I do not mean to set a new departure in the least, or to favor anything which is at all coarse or vulgar, only I cannot understand why a woman should not take horseback exercise in the way which does her the most good, and cannot be improper except in the eyes of those who try to discover improprieties in all other than themselves.

ANNA HELD.



(From Photograph.)

Miss Anna Held on Horseback in Central Park.

EVERY morning just at nine the early habitues of Central Park have lately seen a young and pretty woman apparently setting all the ethics of propriety at odds by riding a spirited horse astride. Those who were in the secret of the fair equestrienne's identity knew that it was Miss Anna Held.

"People may say it is shocking if they choose," said Miss Held. "I say to my doctor that when I ride on the side saddle I do not sit upon it straight, my body is twisted, and when I do have a fall my boot is caught in my elastic—you know, in my Amazon—my habit—and I cannot get free, but hurt myself. My doctor said, when I told him: 'Sit like a man,' and I did. I was astonished, it was so easy, and my body was no more twisted, and I was much more the mistress of my horse."

"You see, I have more purchase, more command. It is not good to ride twisted. Any doctor will say the same thing. Every morning when I ride in Central Park people look at me and look, but I do not care. I am riding to help my health, and not for what people think. Others may ride the bicycle astride, but as for me, I say, 'My kingdom for a horse,' which I ride astride."

WE allow car fare to out-of-town buyers and ship goods everywhere safely packed; freight paid.

SUNDAY SPECIAL.

## The Bargain Gazette.

PUBLISHED FREQUENTLY TO ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14, 1897. Copyright, 1897, by L. BAUMANN & COMPY, 121st St. & 3d Ave.

**PARLOR CHAIRS:** Another elegant lot of these Chairs in various designs, will be sold by us this entire week at a great sacrifice. Each Chair has Spiral Springs, is finely upholstered and covered with ornamental silk damask. The frames are made of solid wood, elegantly carved and finished. Elsewhere they sell at \$7; here this week..... **\$3.59**

**TURKISH COUCH:** Spring edge, full length; finely upholstered with the very best moss and South American hair, and covered with rich ornamental velvet, heavily tufted; special to-morrow at \$10; others from **\$3.50.**

**CASTER:** Electro (Silver) plated on hard metal, artistically engraved; fine crystal glass bottles in imitation cut glass; this caster sells elsewhere at \$3; here this week at **89c.**

**YOWSIN TABLE:** May be used for any purpose about the house; in oak, walnut, maple and mahogany; splendidly made; worth at least \$5 each; too to close out at **\$1.99**

**ENAMELLED KETTLES:** Guaranteed best steel and make; 3 qts., 20c.; 2 1-2 qts., 21c.; 2 qts., 19c.

## ALDERMEN TO CANVASS THE RETURNS.

THEIR COUNT OUR GUIDE.

According to an opinion given by the Corporation Counsel's office, the members of the Board of Aldermen may canvass the election returns, as well as the Police Board. This being the case, we have decided to go by the City Father's count, and we hereby give notice that we shall decide the guessing contest by their figures. This change will tend to facilitate matters. The Aldermen are now at work counting the ballot; and expect to complete the arduous job by the end of the month. On the other hand, the Police Commissioners have agreed not to begin their canvass until December, which means at least a month's delay. Hence the change.

## LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMPY, 121st St. & 3d Ave.

"EVERYTHING FOR HOUSEKEEPING."

**PARLOR SUIT:** Five grand pieces; fine mahogany finished frames, elaborately carved and polished; handsome, silk damask covering; tufted backs; very best steel springs; casters; truly a magnificent suit, worth at least one-third more than our price. **\$35.00**

**OTHER GREAT BARGAINS!**

CHENILLE PORTIERES, per pr. \$2.20	BLANKETS, 11-12, half wool, per pr. \$2.70	TOILET SET, 9 pieces, semi-porcelain, 1.43
LACE CURTAINS, 3 1/2 yds., per pr. \$9c.	TABLE COV., BRASS, 64 in. x 36 in., 1.89	PARLOR STOVE, 1.00
MAHOGANY SILK DRESSER, from 1.48	SAUCE PANS, enamelled, 2 qts. 10c.	COAL HOD, japanned, 16c.

**CASH OR EASY TERMS**

Large Assortment of Iron Enamelled and Brass Beds.

OPEN SATURDAY UNTIL 10 P. M.

**CHAIRS:** Antique oak, with plush seats, embossed backs, etc., will go to-morrow for a song. The kind like this (worth \$3.50), will be sold at **1.25**

**TERMS.**

Per Week.

\$100 Worth, - \$1.00
75 " - 75c
50 " - 50c

Send for Our "Vest Pocket Almanac," Free.

## MAN'S NEW FACULTIES.

Is a Third Form of Consciousness Developing in Human Beings?

SCIENCE has discovered that new mental faculties are developing in highly civilized humanity. The observer has described them as a third and new form of consciousness. The other two forms are simple consciousness and self-consciousness.

In the section of psychology, at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, at Montreal, Dr. K. M. Bucke, of London, Ont., presented some novel views in a paper bearing the above title. He said:

"So-called telepathy and clairvoyance seem to be specimens of nascent faculties. I place in the same class the phenomena of what is often named spiritualism."

"The labors of the Society for Psychical Research have made it to me plain that these phenomena, as notably in the case of W. Stainton Moses, really exist. And I think that a study of the above mentioned case, together with that of Mrs. Piper and that of Mary J. Haichler, of Brooklyn, would compel any unprejudiced person to make the same admission. But to me these are not cases in which outside agents are acting on or through a human being, but are cases in which a given human being has faculties which are not commonly possessed."

"Whether any given faculty, such as one of those now alluded to, shall grow, become common, and finally universal in the race, or wither and disappear, will depend upon the general laws of natural selection, and upon whether the possession of the nascent faculty is advantageous or not to the individual and to the race. But of infinitely more importance than telepathy and so-called spiritualism (no matter what explanation we give of these, or what their future is destined to be) is the final fact, to be here touched upon. This is that superimposed upon self-consciousness, as is that faculty upon simple consciousness, a third and higher form of consciousness is at present making its appearance in our race."

"This higher form of consciousness, when it appears, occurs, as it must at the full maturity of the individual, at about the age of thirty-five, but almost always between the ages of thirty and forty. There have been occasional cases of it for 2,000 years and it is becoming more and more common. In fact, in all respects, as far as observed, it obeys the laws to which every nascent faculty is subject."

"Many more or less perfect examples of this new faculty exist in the world to-day, and it has been my privilege to

know personally and to have had the opportunity of studying several men and women who have possessed it. In the course of a few more millenniums there should be born from the present human race a higher type of man possessing this higher consciousness."

"The new race, as it may well be called, would occupy, as toward us, a position such as that occupied by us toward the simple conscious alalus homo. The advent of this higher, better, and happier race would amply justify the long agony of its birth through the countless ages of our past. And it is the first article of my belief, some of the grounds of which I have endeavored to lay before you, that a race is in course of evolution."

## Tank Steamer Loaded with Molasses.

A tank steamer loaded with molasses left Philadelphia for London one day last week, and in future the enormous quantities of that commodity which are marketed in the Old World will be shipped from this country in bulk, in the same manner as petroleum is exported.

The cargo, which was the first of its kind, consisted of 600,000 gallons of molasses from the sugar cane districts of Louisiana, and was carried in the tank of the British tramp steamer Petrolina, which was especially constructed for the oil carrying trade. The vessel was chartered by New York parties, and the cargo was purchased from the Sugar Trust. There is said to be a great saving in the cost of coöperation, storage space, etc., in this manner of shipment.

## L. SHAW, 54 West 14th St.

New York's Fashionable Hairdresser.

We Are Now Exhibiting Some BEAUTIFUL COIFFURES.

All entirely new and original and created especially for

## The Social Event of the Year, the HORSE SHOW

in anticipation of a great demand for new and striking effects.

We have a large and select line of

**HAIR GOODS,**

Which include HANDSOME FEATHER WEIGHT

**PLUFFY SWITCHES, WIGS & HALF WIGS**

that cannot be detected from your own hair.

**Pretty and Dainty Bangs.** Our Toilet Preparations and Hair Dyes are known to be the best and purest made.

**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE MAILED FREE.**

**WE LAY carpets, hang curtains, set up stoves and arrange furniture, etc., free of charge.**

## A LESSON TAUGHT BY THE CROWDS.

NOT THE \$5 RATE GENEROUSLY GIVEN THROUGH THE OLD YEAR,

But the Skill and Faith and Fame of the Practice Account for the Throngs of People and the General Interest. Doctor Copeland Gives the \$5 Rate Until January 1, 1898, to All.

It would be a very simple-minded person who would attempt to account by the \$5 rate in and of itself for the crowds thronging the Copeland offices, for the public interest, for the general gratitude over the extension, and for the very avalanche of letters from sick people.

The fact that an institution was giving medical treatment for \$5 a month would certainly account for none of these things. Of course, sick people like to feel that they are receiving medical care at a small cost, but that is only a minor consideration. What sick people want to feel and know, and friends want to feel and know, is that they are receiving the very best medical treatment that can be obtained.

If the Copeland practice were a mere money-making venture instead of being a public blessing, an offer of \$5 or an offer of "free treatment," for that matter, would be received with indifference.

If some horse doctor offered to treat consumptives at \$5 a month, or if the devil himself, or some devilish person, offered to teach etiquette and mathematics to little boys and girls at \$5 a month, it would not imply any great humanity to the consumptives or to the children. Bad treatment and bad teaching are bad, even if "given free."

No, the throngs of patients, the inter-

est and the gratitude are accounted for not by the \$5 rate, but by the fact that all these people know that under this rate they are being admitted to the benefits of a practice that has commanded for years the respect of the profession and the public.

They know that under this fee, low as it seems, they are obtaining care and treatment that they could not obtain anywhere else for any fee, high or low.

They know that under this opportunity they may be relieved of diseases which no other method of treatment has ever been able to benefit.

They know that under this opportunity they obtain the best treatment and the best professional skill.

They know that under this opportunity they are going to be cured.

And it is this that accounts for the throngs of people, the interest and the gratitude and the avalanche of letters and (what is of more importance than anything else) for the warm and hearty commendation of all right-thinking people.

All patients applying for treatment and all patients renewing treatment before Jan. 1, 1898, will be treated UNTIL CURED at the uniform rate of \$5 a month, medicines included. This applies to all patients and all diseases.

## DOCTORS SAID HER EAR DRUMS WERE GONE.

Mrs. David Walker, Waterloo, N.Y.: "An attack of SCARLET FEVER when a child left me totally deaf in my left ear. About eleven years ago my right ear began to fall me and I was rapidly growing deaf. I grew worse until I was scarcely able to hear anything."

"I consulted one doctor after another and was told that the drums of my ears were entirely destroyed. One doctor nearly ruined my ears and I grew rapidly worse under his care."

"I tried to use patent ear drums, but instead of helping my hearing, they made it worse. I had given up hope when I came to visit my sister, Mrs. W. D. Mattox, 3040 Amsterdam avenue. She persuaded me to go to the Copeland Institute. At that time I was in a terrible condition from nervousness brought on by my deafness and by the continual roaring and hissing noises in my head. I had no rest day or night. I could not sleep for the clattering in my ears."

"I could not hear anything in the way of conversation, could not hear the going on the street cars, the door bells, the street traffic or any of the ordinary sounds. When I tried to play the piano I could not

## HOW CATARRH OFTEN AFFECTS THE VOICE.

Harry B. Coleman, Liverman at Millbrook, N.Y.: "I had not been for my friends at Cold Spring I suppose I would have had to suffer on for years, but I took their advice and am now a well man."



Mrs. David Walker, Waterloo, N.Y., Who Testifies That Doctor Copeland Restored Her Hearing.

My head seemed to be always filled up, and the dropping of mucus back of the palate caused me to hawk and spit constantly. It gave me no peace. My tongue was inflamed and swollen, my voice was harsh and husky, and I could not sing. I was under the care of one physician for a year. I rode thirty miles twice each week to see him, but got no benefit. On the advice of my friends, I consulted Dr. Copeland. To-day all the symptoms have left me. I feel like a new man."

## TEST BY THE INSURANCE COMPANY.

H. B. Parsons, Bainbridge, N.Y.: "I have been completely cured of severe and long-standing Catarrh of head and throat by the Copeland treatment. I had my life insured and had been in one company for 25 years, but my condition was so bad from the Catarrh before my treatment that the company refused to renew my policy. Now that I am cured they will again accept me."

## CATARRH OF STOMACH, NOT CONSUMPTION.

George W. Myers, 382 Second street, Jersey City: "What little food I ate caused me misery. I belched gas and was nauseated all the time. I was in constant pain all over my body. I was dizzy and weak and for days was nearly blind. My rest was broken and my sleep did me no good. I thought I had Consumption, and was satisfied that death would shortly relieve me of my sufferings. I was advised by a friend to consult Doctor Copeland, who told me my trouble came from the stomach, not the lungs. At the end of one month I had gained six pounds. The pains are entirely gone, my head is clear. I sleep well, and for the first time in years of doctoring I am gaining ground."

## AN INVALID WOMAN REGAINS HEALTH.

Mrs. H. M. Biddell, Paterson, N.J.: "I had been subject to nervous headaches since I was a child. The attacks were very violent, and would often confine me to bed. I would have one every week. I had sore spots on my head, and the slightest touch would make me scream with pain. I was never free from intense pain. A friend of mine had been cured by the Copeland physicians, and by her advice I placed myself under their treatment, and after three months I found the pain much less severe and gradually my head began to feel natural. My eyes stopped aching, the sore spots are all gone, and my general health has been built up."

## THE COPELAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

DOCTORS W. H. COPELAND, E. M. GARDNER, HUNTER ST. JOHN, Consulting Physicians.

OFFICES: 79 Fifth Avenue, between 15th and 16th Streets; 315 Madison Avenue, corner of 42d Street, New York.

Office hours—Daily, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.



Miss Lily Seelig, 234 Central ave., Brooklyn, E. D., testifies to her cure of Catarrh of the Stomach.

"I was, for I did not know whether I was on the key. My voice sounded strange, and every one would have to shout at me to convey any idea to my mind."

"Doctor Copeland said he would cure my right ear and he has kept his word. After a few weeks

**The Roaring Noises Ceased,**

the pains in my head left me and I was able to sleep quietly and restfully."

"The first I noticed that my hearing was being restored was when my sister said something to her husband. I said right away 'I heard what you said.' I have been rapidly improving and can now hear with my right ear and the left one is very much better. I have no trouble in hearing conversation in any part of the room. I hear the door bell ring plainly. It seems as though a new world was opened to me. I go home a happy woman."

Mrs. W. D. Mattox, her sister, says:

"My sister's restoration to hearing seems almost a miracle."

## DOCTORS COMMANDED CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

Hugh Gaynor, 140 William street, Newark, N.J.: "I had been under the care of different physicians, and they all agreed that I could never be any better in this climate, and advised me to go South or West."

"I was all run down and only weighed 129 pounds. I had constant pains in my head and eyes and dull aching pains through my entire body. I had no appetite and my sleep was broken. My food distressed me. I was sick all over, and doctoring seemed to make me worse instead of better. At last I went to Doctor Copeland. I have gained 47 pounds in weight and all my bad symptoms are gone. I am gaining strength. My food tastes good and causes me no distress. I feel well."

## SHE NEVER HEARD HER CHILD.

Mrs. Emma Littell, 158th St., bet. Gerard and River aves.: "I became partially deaf ten years ago, and about five years ago both ears became practically stone deaf. At the time my last child was born, four years ago, I was totally deaf. I never heard him cry. I never heard him talk until after I was treated by Doctor Copeland. I can now hear distinctly."